Full to the Brim

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Full to the Brim

by jonnimir

Summary

For Kinktober Day 1: Inflation.

Notes

Began Kinktober late, on a whim, and ended up writing things much longer than intended that somehow manage to be kinky enough to make me blush. I'm going off this list: https://kinktober2018.tumblr.com/post/171107184776/kinktober-2018.

Basically, this was never meant to be shared with the world until I realized I was actually going to follow through on the Kinktober thing, and I kind of want to apologize for the pointless (and weirdly fluffy?) filth but oh well.

Five hours into the marathon culmination of heat and rut, and Will was beginning to feel heavy and drowsy, lulled by the scent of his mate and the soothing movement of hands over his skin—his hips and ass, bruised from the frenzy of their first few matings; his chest and the sensitive buds of his nipples; his neck and racing pulse; and his stomach, once flat but beginning to curve outward now that he was brimming with alpha cum. His cock was now more often soft than hard, orgasms mostly dry, but it still dribbled enough on occasion that Hannibal's fingers would smear it over his length with a loving caress.

When Hannibal slipped out of him, it was with a rapid trickle of warmth down his thigh. Will made a discontented noise and shoved his ass back imploringly, and Hannibal chuckled at the sight and used his thumb to scoop it back to his hole and press over it to keep more from escaping. “Don’t fret, darling,” he said. “There’s plenty more where that came from.”

Will sighed, pressing his chest down and his ass up, giving it a slight wiggle. “I want it,” he said, though his fatigue was showing in his voice. “I want all of it.”

“You shall have it.”

Hannibal took the time to lick the traces of cum and slick from Will’s thighs, a growl of satisfaction in his throat, then he set himself at Will’s entrance and pushed in. Will spread effortlessly for him and moaned softly into the pillow as Hannibal began fucking him, the girth pressing sweetly against his rim and sliding over his prostate. He was filled with soft heady feeling and whined softly, sweetly, tilting his head to bare his throat as best he could from this angle, encouraging Hannibal to wrap his hand there.

Hannibal’s arm slid under his chest and up to his neck, squeezing ever-so-gently and pulling Will up until he was arched with his ass and neck tight against Hannibal, his stomach protruding for Hannibal to rub his free hand over.

Will panted harshly—the change in angle forced Hannibal’s cock to press hard in a place that made him see stars. He set his own hand on his stomach to try to feel it, and Hannibal’s lay over his, moved it lower and pressed it more firmly against his stomach. There, he could feel the disturbance of Hannibal's cock pumping into him.

“Fuck, Hannibal.” He groaned. “Can you cum at this angle? I wanna… wanna feel it like this.”

Hannibal growled and bit at his shoulder, and soon was thrust as deep inside him as possible—and Will could feel a pulse as he spilled his load, and his thighs started trembling at the sensation as he filled up with cum. Hannibal groaned softly into his neck, keeping Will’s hand pressed tightly against his belly, and murmured: “How much longer do you think it will take for you to be so swollen with my cum that it looks as though you’re pregnant by me?”

And Will choked, whined, and came as soon as Hannibal gave his cock a slight squeeze.

As it turned out, it took four more loads, by which time they were both panting and exhausted, but Will was in a haze of arousal, squirming with the sensation of fullness. He was

energized with a feeling of pride at holding so much inside of him, and when Hannibal's knot deflated, Will surged up and flipped him onto his back.

"One more," he said, panting raggedly, hands planting on Hannibal's chest. He rubbed their lengths together, coaxing Hannibal back to hardness and keeping his ass clenched as tight as he could so he wouldn't spill.

This earned a low growl from Hannibal. "You are insatiable," he breathed.

"Mmm, I'll be satisfied if you just fill me up one more time. Promise." He grinned and lay a messy kiss on Hannibal's lips, licking into his mouth. "Please?"

He didn't wait for a response. He felt Hannibal hardening against him already—a blessing of his rut hormones—and Will grabbed him, pumped him to full hardness, and sank down on him. The passage was so slippery with cum that it made him moan, just another reminder of how thoroughly Hannibal had used him. He threw his head back, but felt hands on his belly and looked down. He could see his stomach bulging obscenely, and Hannibal was rubbing circles over it worshipfully.

"You're already near bursting, Will. Are you sure have room for more of my seed?" His tone was sly, and Will whined in response to the tease.

"Yeah. More. More, please." He could feel Hannibal's cock thicken further, the first hint of a knot, and he groaned, rolling his hips desperately. Hannibal's hands hugged tightly to his stomach, massaging his abdomen with pressure that was almost uncomfortable, almost cramping. But he wanted more.

He pushed himself up and down on shaking thighs and Hannibal began to thrust in time with him. He could hear an obscene wet slap where they met.

The knot began to grow and tighten, and Will gasped in anticipation, grinding down on him desperately. "Yes, yes, *god*, *please*. Give it to me. Fill me all the way up."

Hannibal's hands slid quickly from abdomen to hips and grasped him tightly, yanking him down over his knot and holding him in place as he thrust up, as deep into Will as he could go. He came with a gasp and a moan, making a futile attempt to push himself even further into Will's body. Will felt the flood of cum making his organs bulge when there was no more space left to fill. He leaned back so he could feel the stretch of his stomach as it expanded further outward. He put a hand on it and pressed, and felt the liquid shifting inside him, making him moan and shake. Hannibal's hands were on him, too, exploring the expanse of his stomach, skin now stretched taut.

Will leaned forward then, groaning at the shift within him that made him clench and shudder. He lay on Hannibal's chest and said, "Roll me over. I want to feel you on top of me."

"It may be a bit uncomfortable, as full as you are," Hannibal warned, but had already started to roll them both.

"I know. I want to feel all of it."

And then Hannibal was on top of him and lowering his body so they lay flush against each other. He slowly let his full weight shift from his arms to Will, who cried out. It felt so intense *everywhere*. The pressure seemed to spread from his abdomen through his entire torso. A constant ache lay against his prostrate, his passage—every crevice of him. It was almost painful to have Hannibal lying on him like this, but it felt so good.

He held tightly to Hannibal, wrapping arms and legs around him and squirming slightly beneath him, marveling at the shifts in pressure. Hannibal's knot kept everything locked firmly inside, just as it should. He was absolutely full to the brim, a perfect vessel for everything his alpha had to give him.

"Fuck," he murmured. "Fuck, Hannibal, this is perfect. I want to feel like this forever."

Hannibal gave him a deep kiss, a hand running down the side of his swollen stomach. "And if I could, I would keep you like this forever. My beautiful mate."

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